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Do you suffer with Headache? There are very few who don't. If so, perhaps defective or impaired vision is the cause.

Have you read the hundreds of testimonials from the most prominent people, published in our circular, testifying as to the great relief and comfort obtained to their eyes by the use of our celebrated Eye-perfecting Crystal Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Among them are as follows: Governors, Judges of Circuit and Court of Appeals, Clergymen, Lawyers, Justices of the Peace, Physicians, Bankers, Merchants and Mechanics.

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THE GREATEST CARE

Should be taken with children's eyes, and they should receive close attention. When a child holds its book conspicuously near, when he has difficulty in seeing figures on the blackboard at school, when he complains of his eyes hurting and of headaches, have the eyes examined and, if necessary, corrected, and let him grow up in the comfort of perfect vision. If a child can see better with glasses, he should wear them. To say that he is too small or too young to wear glasses is as reasonable as it is to contend that he is too young to have fever or a toothache. The continued neglect of a child's eyes may cause strabismus (cross-eye). The eyes are too short for paper vision. Too much strain is brought on the muscle that move them, in consequence of which they become crossed. This defect can be cured by the continued wearing of properly adjusted glasses.

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Will be at the Reynolds Drug Store, Reynoldsville, Pa., Thursday and Friday, March 2nd and 3rd only.

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Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON, Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA.

High School Bulletin.

EDITORIAL STAFF:
Editor-in-Chief, James G. Potts, '99
Asst. Editor, Lois Robinson, '00
Local Editor, Florence Stone, '00.

Rev. Thomas McClary delivered his famous lecture, "The Mission of Mirth," in Assembly hall last Friday evening. Our entertainer had the pleasure—so he said—of addressing a large audience which showed conspicuous signs of complete enjoyment in the many beautiful and important thoughts so eloquently uttered. That he had control of his listeners is known from the fact that silence reigned in the hall while the serious parts of his lecture were being ably depicted, all seemed to feel that the remainder of the evening would be spent in a manner void of joy; but the peal of laughter which the next minute resounded throughout the building indicated that sunshine had been shed over all by the glowing countenance blended with his consistent humor. Much advice was given, which, if heeded, would be for the betterment of many.

We are sorry to know that the majority of those who seem to take delight in the use of profane language never attend such lectures as was delivered by Mr. McClary.

We were informed that three of Reynoldsville's good little boys greatly enjoyed themselves for some hours last Saturday morning by playing with their magic lanterns in the High School laboratory. They took their lanterns there merely to compare some of their respective merits and, of course, each youngster had the best toy—which conclusion was reached after a very lively bout.

During the affray little Cyrus, in an endeavor to compel the others to submit to his wish, pulled the gum tube, which conveys the gas from the generator to the lantern, from George's little stereopticon with the intention of attaching it to his own; but he forgot to turn the gas off and it took fire at the end of the tube, gushing forth in a very frightful manner—so it seemed to the boys. Simon and Cyrus thought only of their safety and tried to get out of the room, but in their hurry and scurry were unable to find the door in the dark. George was left to care for the flame, which was scarcely large enough to scorch a flea. After some difficulty the gas was shut off, and the little fellows again restored to their senses. We wonder sometimes why children become so easily frightened at such little things.

We are pleased to know that Hon. S. B. Elliott, Rev. C. C. Rumberger and Prof. G. W. Lenkerd, heroes of the above, sustained no serious injuries.

Miss May Jenkins, of DuBois, paid us a visit Monday.

Dr. A. H. Bowser visited the High School last week.

Postmaster A. L. Woodward made his weekly visit to the schools Wednesday.

We cordially invite the representative of the Brookville Republican to visit Harry Herpel's school. It will pay him.

(No. 54)

AN ORDINANCE changing the grade of side or footwalk, twelve feet wide on Main street (south side) from the west side of Fourth street, commencing at an iron peg, to the east side of Pine alley.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the town council of the borough of Reynoldsville, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that the grade of present side or footwalk, six feet wide, on Main street, as now located (south side), from the west side of Fourth street, commencing at an iron peg, to the east side of Pine alley, be and the same is hereby changed as follows:

Beginning at the west side of Fourth street, at an iron peg, and on the south side of Main street, making the width of the present side or footwalk, twelve feet; thence descending at the rate of eighty-six one-hundredth (86/100) feet per hundred (100) feet for a distance of one hundred (100) feet; thence level for a distance of one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence ascending at the rate of six one-hundredth (6/100) feet per hundred feet for a distance of seventy (70) feet to the east side of Pine alley, as shown by the accompanying chart or survey.

SEC. 2. That so much of any ordinance as may conflict with or be supplied by the foregoing be, and the same is, hereby repealed.

Ordained and enacted into a law in council this 1st day of Feb., A. D. 1899.
S. B. ELLIOTT,
Pres. of Council.
L. J. MCENTIRE, Clerk.
Feb. 9th, 1899, the above ordinance examined and approved.
H. Alex. STOKES, Chief Burgess.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. Alex. Stokes.

Paradise.

Some of the Paradise sports attended the Martha Washington supper at Sykesville last Wednesday night.

There will be communion at the Synphrit M. E. church next Sunday morning at 10.30.

Alexandra Jeremiah Deemer sold his property, including all his farming utensils, to Thomas Reynolds.

Miss Marie McCreight visited the Phillippi school last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Norris and son, Harry, visited Mrs. Norris' parents last Wednesday.

W. A. Shooley, who had his ankle severely hurt last week while working in the woods, is at this writing getting better.

James Foltz and his son, Billy, visited in Paradise last Friday.

George Hollenbaugh, Esq., was a victim of the national malady, the grip, the latter part of last week, but he is able to be on duty again.

Scott Syphrit, while working in the woods, put his ax under a log and went home and the next day went out for his ax and found that some one had taken his ax and put another one in its place. He had to grind the ax for about one hour. He says he would not trade the ax now for the one he had, unless he got \$1.50 to boot. The man who took the ax don't need to bring it back, for Scott says he got the best of the bargain.

Rathmel.

Miss Agnes Pittsley, of Falls Creek, is visiting in town.

Miss Susie Clark is visiting friends in Brookwayville this week.

Hughy Nans, who died last Tuesday about noon from grip and pneumonia, was buried in the Catholic cemetery Friday morning.

R. Readmen and wife, of Eleanora, were called here last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Nans, Mrs. Readmen's father.

The oyster supper and social held in the P. O. S. of A. hall last Wednesday eve was quite a successful affair.

The Dean grammar school is making preparations for a public entertainment in the near future.

Henry Bloom, while working in the Sprague mine last Saturday, had his right thigh fractured in two places by a fall of top-coal.

Last Tour of the Season via P. R. R. to Florida.

The last of the present series of popular Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia by special train of Pullman Palace cars on Tuesday, March 7th.

Round-trip tickets, valid to return on regular trains until May 31, 1899, and including railway transportation in each direction, and Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals on special train going, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$50.00; Philadelphia, \$48.00; Canandaigua, \$52.85; Erie, \$54.85; Wilkesbarre, \$50.35; Pittsburg, \$53.00; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, N. Y.; Thomas Purdy, Passenger Agent Long Branch District, 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent, Pittsburg, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Murder at the Tunnel.

The long list of petty crimes that have been committed at the tunnel during the past summer and winter has been climaxed by a cold blooded murder. At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning last Thomas Fuqua, a colored man, was shot in the left breast by one of his fellow men. The ball glanced downward and entered his stomach. The injured man was brought to the hospital where an operation was performed, but about noon yesterday the man died. The murderer made his escape. It is presumed that the shooting grew out of a quarrel over a game of cards.—Punxsutawney News.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at H. A. Stokes' Drug Store.

SURPRISED HER HUSBAND.

Why the Young Wife Spent an Afternoon in His Office.

Young Mrs. Smith, who lives down on Prairie avenue, is very fond of her husband and also very jealous of him. Mr. Smith knows this and enjoys it immensely. Before the Smiths were married he used to know a Minneapolis girl who visited his sister in Chicago. Mrs. Smith knows her very well too. The Minneapolis girl came down not long ago, and Mrs. Smith called on her. A few days before the Minneapolis girl went back she called on Mrs. Smith, and they had an enjoyable quarter of an hour thinking things about one another and talking about Mansfield.

When the Minneapolis girl rose to go, she said sweetly, "Oh, by the way I want to see Charlie before I go back, and I think I may just drop into his office this afternoon."

"Oh, do, Charlie will be delighted," returned Mrs. Smith. The door had hardly closed on the guest before Mrs. Smith executed a sort of war dance. She dressed as fast as she could, put on her bonnet and announced her intention of going down to Mr. Smith's office. Her grandmother remonstrated in vain. Mrs. Smith is only 18, and she is jealous.

JOHN HAY'S BIG APRON.

One of the Causes Where Dishwashing Produced a Poet.

Colonel Hay was when a boy a regular attendant of the Presbyterian Sunday school at Warsaw, Ills.

The Sunday school lessons partly consisted of committing to memory Bible verses, and to attain supremacy in this created quite a rivalry among the scholars. John Hay was sure to come out ahead from two to five answers, some times more, causing those of his comrades who were always behind him to regard him with envy.

Consequently when some of those boys heard that John had to wash dishes and do the churning for his mother and more than all that he wore an apron while at these duties his jealous comrades fairly crowded.

One morning it was agreed by his comrades to get him out of doors while he had his apron on and humiliate him by having two or three girls whom he rather liked ask him questions in regard to his housework.

Young Hay came out to where the boys were and answered the questions by saying that he washed dishes as his mother taught him, and then, with twinkling eyes, he gave the dishpan which he had with him a tremendous fling, contents and all, drenching whoever happened to be near enough, and laughing loudly, ran into the kitchen. Hay and his big apron were never molested after that.—Christian Endeavor World.

William Black's Characters.

Sir Wemyss Reid notes that William Black seldom allowed himself to be drawn into conversation about his work. One of Reid's recollections runs thus: "One day, in the faroff past, I was walking along the sea front with Black, at Brighton, when he said abruptly and with reference to nothing that had been passing between us: 'We are not all engaged in running away with other men's wives. There are some of us who are not the victims of mental disease or moral deformity. I do not even know that anybody of my acquaintance has committed a murder or a forgery. Yet people are angry with me because I do not make my characters in my books odious in this fashion. I prefer to write about sane people and honest people, and I imagine that they are, after all, in a majority in the world.'"

Some Went to Glory.

I once asked a district nurse, says a writer in The Cornhill Magazine, how the various sick cases had been going on during my absence from the parish. At once the look which I knew so well crossed her face, but her natural professional pride strove for the mastery with the due unctuousness which she considered necessary for the occasion. At last she evolved the following strange mixture. "Middling well, sir; some of 'em's gone straight to glory, but I am glad to say others are nicely on the mend."

Starting Him Right.

"Ah!" sighed the sentimental youth. "Would that I might install a sentiment in your loyal heart!" "Sir," interrupted the practical maid, "I'd have you understand that my heart is no installment concern."—Chicago News.

Distinctions.

"Did our friend retire from politics?" "Well," answered the practical worker, "it wasn't what you'd call a 'retire.' It was a knockout."—Washington Star.

The Dangerous Stage.

The gentleman had rung the bell several times before the servant let him in. He was looking surprised and a trifle apprehensive when Mrs. Blykins came into the room.

"I called," he explained, "to inquire about your husband's health. He and I belong to the same organization, and several of the members desired me to call to see how he is getting along. We were very sorry to hear of his illness."

"It's very kind of you," she answered. "There was a crash which shook the chandelier."

She paid no attention to it. "I think it will be only a day or two before he is able to get out and go down town," she added.

"The slamming of doors echoed heavily through the house."

"Has he been dangerously sick?"

"Not until today."

"But I understood you to say that he was convalescent."

"I think I may say that he is so. He wasn't well enough to be dangerous till this morning. But before noon he had discharged the stained nurse, quarreled with the cook, smashed a rocking chair against which he had stabbed his toe and thrown the canary bird out of the window. Those are always hopeful symptoms with him, and I feel fairly justified in saying that he is convalescent."—Washington Star.

His Manner of Bath.

At a little cosmopolitan gathering in a home on the North Side the company were discussing the unkind thrust at Chicago for flouting the letter "a," when the girl from Boston remarked as she peered severely over her glasses: "We always give it the continental accent. For instance, we say bath." "Pshaw!" said the New York girl, shrugging her handsome shoulders. "That isn't continental. That's New England. Now, we always pronounce it bath."

"You're away off," retorted Miss Chicago, going into the subject neck and elbows. "We are the most correct people in the world, with all the up to date knowledge there is, and we give it the full value—bath."

"There's a Londoner among us," suggested one of the company. "Get him to pronounce the word and notice what he does with the 'a.'"

So they tackled the bewildered Englishman, without letting him know their motive, but asking him solemn questions about his opinion of the bath. After regarding them with a sphinxlike stare through his monocled eye the gentleman from London said:

"Quite so. Quite so. I always tub in the morning."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Black Fooled Them.

Sir Wemyss Reid, in a personal sketch of his friend the late Mr. Black in The Speaker, tells how the novelist outwitted The Saturday Review. When "A Daughter of Heth" appeared, it took the town by storm, and as it appeared anonymously Sir Wemyss heard for the first time from an acquaintance who the author was.

It was with a certain sense of injury that he asked, "Why, if Black wrote the book, did he not put his name to it?" "Oh, don't you know?" was the instant response. "That is the best part of the joke. The Saturday Review has been 'down' upon everything he has written, so he purposely published this book anonymously in order to take in The Saturday Reviewers, and they were the first people to sound the praises of 'A Daughter of Heth.' If his name had been on the title page, they would have damned it."

Unlike many bits of gossip about successful authors, this—as Sir Wemyss learned later from Mr. Black's own lips—was strictly true.

Dickens Was "Loud."

In the memoir of the late J. H. Friswell there is a glimpse of Dickens which will seem familiar to those Americans who remember the somewhat flamboyant dress of the novelist. "On one occasion," wrote the author of the "Gentle Life," "we were walking down Wellington street and just passing the office of Household Words when a hansom cab stopped and out stepped a gayly dressed gentleman. His bright green waistcoat and vivid scarlet tie any one would have noticed, but the size of the nosegay in his buttonhole riveted my attention. My father introduced me, and I, who had only seen engravings of the Macaire portrait and photographs, was astonished to find myself face to face with Charles Dickens."

Missed the Combination.

He is one of those gushing old beans who think flattery the key to favor with the gentler sex. The other evening he was at a reception with his wife, and they met the handsome Miss Blank, at whom he fired a whole battery of compliments. Then turning to his wife he said, "It's a good thing I didn't meet her before I married you, my dear."

"Indeed it is," she smiled sweetly. "For her I congratulate Miss Blank."

A Delicate Distinction.

"How much does your position pay?" asked the rural relative. "I don't know as I could figure it up offhand," answered Senator Sorghum. "You surely know your own salary?" "Yes, but that isn't what you asked me."—Washington Star.

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